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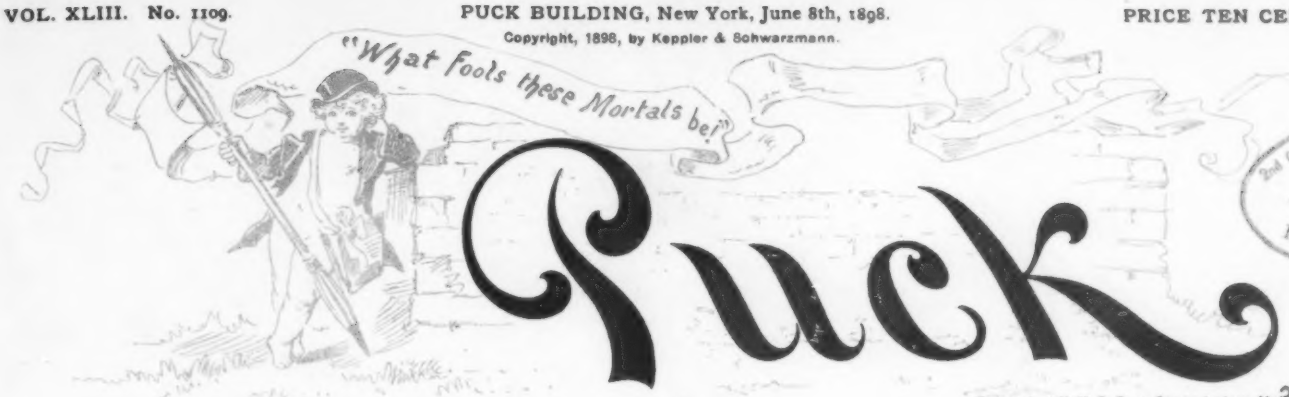

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"UNITED WE STAND FOR CIVILIZATION AND PEACE!"

DEFEAT.

HIS regiment had been ordered out, and he was saying a fond farewell to the girl he would so soon leave behind him.

"But," said he, striving to take a cheerful look ahead, "after it is all over we will return as conquerors, marching to strains of victorious music and triumphant trumpet blasts, and waving our tattled batter flags, — er — I mean our flattered battle tags, — no —"

"You mean battled flatter tags —"

"Battered tattle flags —"

"Flattered tattle bags —"

"Tattered flattle bags —"

And then they gave it up.

CRITICISM.

"I tell you what," said Brutus, admiringly, "that was a fine despatch of Cæsar's — 'Veni, vidi, vici.'"

"Oh! I don't know," replied Cassius, who was already beginning to show his jealousy. "He might have left out 'veni' and 'vidi.'"

ACCIDENTAL, VERY.

"Have you seen Charley Lamb since his accident?"

"No; is he badly hurt? What accident?"

"He made ten thousand dollars in Wall Street."

OF COURSE.

CITY MAN. — What do you miss most since you moved out to Lonelyville?

SUBURBANITE. — The trains.

POSTING HIMSELF.

FIRST LAWYER. — I'll bet that young Briefless got engaged to some rich girl this Summer.

SECOND LAWYER. — What evidence have you?

FIRST LAWYER. — Well, within the past two weeks, he has borrowed my "Equitable and Legal Rights of Married Women," "Bishop on the Law of Married Women," and "Bishop on Marriage and Divorce."

REALISTIC ART holds the mirror up to Nature with the idea of making Nature ashamed of herself.

THERE ARE "sermons in stones." Next thing they 'll be taking up collections.

INFANT DAMNATION.

A cherub knocked at heaven's gate,—
"You can't come in," St. Peter sighed.
Then quoth the little one, "I 'll wait
Till someone swats de ball outside."

NOT ROOM IN THE PERFESH.

FRIEND. — I notice that your soubrette has stopped singing "There 's Room for One More Star."

THEATRICAL MANAGER. — Yes; every time our leading lady heard the title she had a fit.

TRANSLATION UNNECESSARY.

BROWN. — Isaacs, just as a matter of curiosity, how would you translate "ten thousand dollars" into Hebrew?

ISAACS. — Mein friendt, dot oxpression vos very goot Hebrew choost as it is.

THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I 'm going a voting, sir!" she said.

FISCAL SUGGESTION.

And shall the sinews for the war
From honest toil be wrung?
And nary tax upon the ink
By poets being slung?

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CONVENIENT APPENDAGES.

I.

LITTLE 'RASTUS. — Daddy, it 's all right yo' bringin' me fishin'; but how kin yo' expect me to ketch fish when dis yere line won't more dan reach de watah?

II.

DADDY. — Dere yo' are, chile! Yo' fadder allus finds a way to perwide fo' his 'Rastus. Fish away, honey!

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IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

LAWYER.— Incompatibility, Madam? Could you give me some facts tending to prove this incompatibility?

CLIENT. — Why — a — well, we could n't agree on the terms of separation?

EARLY IN THE FIELD.

"I DON'T WANT to do anything," said the capitalist, firmly, "and I don't want to talk about anything."

"But," replied the promoter, cheerfully, "this is the opportunity of a lifetime. We 'll organize the 'Philippine Islands Land and Improvement Company' and get up advertisements like this—"

"You 're wasting your time talking—"

"Own Your Own Home!! Choice Building Sites—"

"Now, I tell you—"

"Within a stone's throw from the Blue Pacific! Four days from Hong Kong and two weeks from—"

"See here!—"

"San Francisco. Only forty days from New York via the proposed Nicaragua Canal;—if the figures are wrong, you know, we can change 'em—"

"I 've told you already—"

"Loveliest Spot on Earth! No mosquitos—"

"What the use of talking to me?"

"No malaria. Only ten minutes' walk from the world-renowned ruins of Cavite—half an hour's sail from Corregidor Island—ten minutes by trolley (when constructed) from Manila."

"I won't have anything to do with—"

"Lots For Sale At Ridiculously Low Prices! Will Double In Value In Six Months! Come Early And Avoid—"

At this point the capitalist, recognizing the futility of further resistance, made up his mind to let the promoter talk.

CAME FROM HARLEM.

OFFICER.— Is there sufficient coal to last through the day?

NAVAL RECRUIT.—I don't know, sir; I 'll ask the janitor.

IF TALKERS were fighters, this earth would soon be depopulated.

NECESSITY KNOWS no law; but any attorney could tell you that is no obstacle to a lucrative practice.

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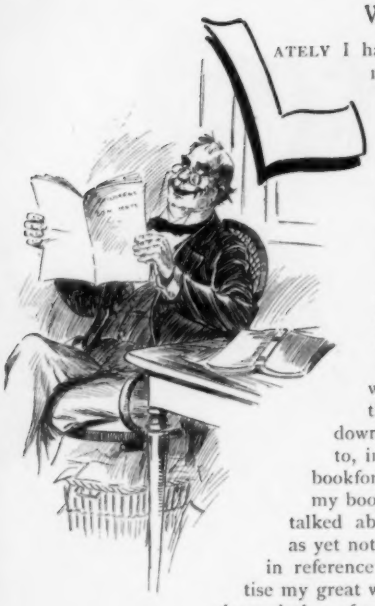
HER NEW BATHING SUIT.

HUSBAND *(savagely)*.—Great Scott! I hope you don't intend to go into the water with *that* rig on this Summer!

WIFE *(sweetly, trying on bathing suit)*.—Not for the world, you foolish boy!—it would ruin it completely.

WANTED—A PUBLISHER.



LATELY I have noticed that the daily papers and the magazines devote considerable space to the "cute" sayings of children, and this led me to believe that the people were really clamoring for such style of reading matter. Now, I am the father of eight children, ranging in age from two months to nine years, and, therefore, am an authority on the clever utterances of the little men and women, who, I am satisfied, are all born humorists, as they make me — a serious man with a large family — laugh outright at least one hundred times a day.

Some time ago I decided to get rich without going to the Klondike, and, with that intention in view, began jotting down the *bon mots* the little folks gave birth to, intending to give them to the public in bookform as soon as possible. One month later my book was finished; but, although I have talked about it a great deal among my friends, as yet not a single publisher has approached me in reference to its publication. To better advertise my great work, I have selected at random a few clever dashes of repartee from the, probably, 1,068 pages, and herewith gratuitously treat my readers to them, in hopes that some benevolent connaisseur of youngsters' sayings will help me to get the book on the market.

Here is the first, taken from page 49:

Three days after Eddie, aged thirteen months, had learned to walk he fell on his nose, hurting it severely and causing it to bleed. After fifteen minutes, when he became calm, he remarked bitterly: "I don't see any use in teaching a fellow to walk so that he can fall down and near kill himself."

Now, is n't that really cute?

Number 2, from page 111:

Two-year-old Paul was playing with an unloaded revolver, which I had let him have, when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet grazing his left ear. When he recovered from his surprise he said: "Papa, I don't know who is the bigger fool — you or I."

The conceit was so quaint I forgot to punish him.

Number 3, from page 239:

Little Willis, aged three years and three months, overheard Mama telling Papa that she had received an invitation to Mrs. Ritchie's pink tea. When she had finished he exclaimed gleefully: "Why, you 're right in the bath-tub, are n't you, Mama?"

You know, he meant the "swim."

Number 4, from page 623:

Percy, aged four years and two months, said to his twin-brother, aged the same: "When we get into a scrap and I lick you, you won't be able to get off that old chestnutty excuse about the differences in our ages, will you?"

What a fertile imagination!

Number 5, from page 712:

"Why did n't you show up immediately when I called you?" I angrily asked Willis, who, I suspected, had been stealing cookies, and who was slow in responding to my summons.

"Because," answered the little rascal, who has learned to play poker, "I was only bluffing — I did n't have anything in my hand."

How quickly they learn to make poker jokes!

Number 6, from page 833:

One day, Emma, aged six, when told that another brother had arrived, sagely remarked: "Why don't they all come at once? And then we could have a family re-union, like the Smiths had."

How "child-like and bland!"

Number 7, from page 986:

"Percy," I said to one of the twins, "I have bought you a nice, large ball."

"Is it the kind you buy for yourself?" he eagerly asked.

As our minister was present, I did n't ask him which kind he meant.

Number 8, from page 988:

When the Sunday-school teacher asked little Eddy, "Who made you?" he answered, sadly: "An amateur, I guess; — I 've only got six teeth, and Paul 's got fourteen."

Would n't that kill you?

Space will not permit me giving any more of these delightful sayings; but, as my children are talking daily, I shall be pleased to quote special prices to editors of responsible family papers.

Harry Carey.

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AMBIGUOUS.

"Do you remember," said Miss Ancient Oldgirl to Colonel Crabtree, "how when you were a young man you proposed to me and I rejected you?"

"It is one of the happiest recollections of my life," said the Colonel, with an air of gallantry. And Miss Oldgirl is still wondering.

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HER FAVORITE.

MR BULL.—What pretty teeth you have, Miss Heifer!
MISS HEIFER.—Oh! thank you, Mr. Bull!
MR. BULL.—How do you keep them so clean and white?
MISS HEIFER.—Oh! I chew Fepsin's Patent Cud!

A MISTAKEN OVERTURNING.

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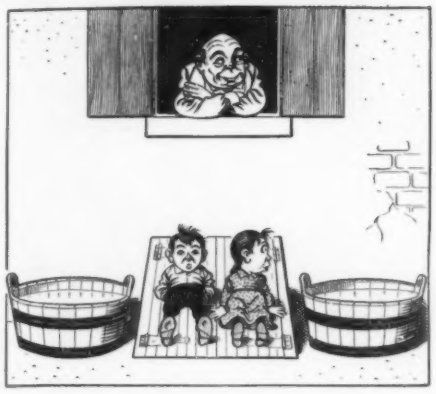

I.

MR. DOOLEY.—Ah! here comes me Mickey and me Mary Ann from Sunday-school, all drissed up in their bist Sunday go-t'-meetin' clothes! Don't they look foine?

II.

(Angrily)—'There be thim two Casey kids a-sittin' on me cellar-door ag'in waitin' t' make jealous remarks as Mary Ann an' Mickey pass by. Oi 'll fix 'em!

III.

YOUNG MICKEY DOOLEY.—Look here, Casey! if you an' yer sister doe't git off our cellar-door I 'll break yer faces! See?

A SAD CASE.

FIRST DOCTOR.—Well, I 've lost old Yellowboys!

SECOND DOCTOR.—You did n't expect him to recover, did you?

FIRST DOCTOR.—No; but I did n't think he 'd die.

HUMAN NATURE.

MICKEY, THE MOUSE.—Whatcher want ter stop an' eat fer?

BUNGLING BILL.—'Cos it 's home-made stuff an' der lady 'll be so tickled by der compliment dat she won't hev us tracked down.

AMPLE.

SHE.—I don't think any engagement should be shorter than six months.

HE.—But why?

SHE.—By that time a girl can usually tell whether she wants to marry the man or not.

POETS ARE born, but cooks are paid.

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NOT HUNTING.

LADY.—Why don't you hunt for work?

TIRED TATTERS.—Why, it 's dis way, Lady;—I kin never git ernough money together ter buy a huntin' suit.

WHERE IT CAME IN.

HARDFACT.—Well, I must confess I don't see much poetry in a moonlight excursion.

OBERHEINTZ.—Gott in Himmel! Haf you seen dose nine kegs of beer?

IN ANCIENT ROME.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Methought the Emperor Augustus wore a clouded brow to-day.

SECOND CITIZEN.—No wonder! It is but a few days since he ascended the throne, and already the populace is calling him "Gus."

A REVISED CHARM.

WHEELER.—Is Scorcher superstitious?

BIKER.—Very! He 's got a bicycle-tire hanging over his door for good luck.

THE REASON.

So oft it needs a forward jog—
The clock that on our mantel stands—
It must be—or, I 'm in a fog—
That time hangs heavily on its hands.

IV.

"You ain't in it when we wants to sit on our cellar-door. Now get away from here or you 'll hear somethin' dro——"

V.

MR. DOOLEY *(opening the cellar-doors quickly)*.—Splash! Thot 'll tache th' little brats a lisson.

VI.

"!!!*!!*!"

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TWO CHANGES.

SHE.—I think men used to marry younger than they do now, don't you?

HE.—Yes; but women used to be willing to wash dishes then.

SINCE HE COME.

HAD TO treat the boys all round
  Sunday night a week ago;
Somethin' warmin', and a pound
  O' tobacco; for, you see,
They 'd got wind, and — well, they made
  A big rumpus; had to know
The partic'lars — what he weighed
  And whether he favored me.

I hain't had a hull night's sleep
  Since he come; be'n up with *him;*
Had to wash dishes and sweep
  Part the time; the house is all
Upside down. I 've got my meals
  Some, and I 've fared pretty slim;
But, good land! the way it feels
  To hold S'repty's old plaid shawl
With him in it! little mite
  I could pinch up in one hand,
Blinkin' his eyes at the light;
  Er he cries, er squirms, er chokes;
Don't tell *me!* — it 's plain as day
  He knows when I 've got him, and
Don't behave just the same way
  He behaves with other folks.

I was happy, so I thought,
  As a man could be, that Spring
When I 'd got my place all bought
  And when S'repty Snow said yes;
Land! to think it needed *him!*
  Little red, ridic'lous thing,
To fill me right up t' the brim
  With real, chokin' happiness!

Emma A. Opper.

MARRIAGE IS still a good deal of a lottery, in spite of the efforts of civilization to make a game of parchesi out of it.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

ASKINS.—What do you suppose makes Newhub look so sad and dejected, so soon after his marriage?

GRIMSHAW.—They said the bride was a very sweet girl; perhaps she has fermented, by this time.

HER AILMENT.

FARMER HORNBEAK.—My wife is 'most down sick with nervous preparation.

FARMER DUNK.—You mean prostration, don't ye?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—No; she 's jest about wore herself out flyin' around preparin' for them city boarders that 's comin' day after to-morrow.

NOT A DAZZLING FUTURE.

MISS CONNIE SAYRE.—Mr. Pallett has a very bright future ahead of him.

DOBSON DREEMS.—Oh! I don't think he 'll ever have to wear smoked glasses to protect his sight.

AN EXACT BAROMETER OF BUSINESS.

GROCERY SALESMAN.—Well, I suppose times are getting better in your part of the country?

BASSWOOD CORNERS GROCER.—Better! You bet they air! Why, Mister, there hain't been a political discussion five minutes long in this here store for the last four months.

ERE THE twig is bent the man of sense should be inclined to remember that he was once a kid himself.

THE KNOWLEDGE that there are more ways than one of doing a thing is frequently a source of subsequent regret.

IF A MAN'S mental memoranda of his failures were as complete as those of his successes he would understand better why Fame is so distant.

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THE BITTEREST STING.

MCTAVISH.—Blindness, maun be a greet affliction.

MCCAMPBELL.—Reet, Sandy! Quite reet! Just think of na bein' able to see free exhibeetions!

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A PROMISING ALLIANCE.

WAR-TIME makes strange yoke-fellows. The logic of conditions is stronger than the hot talk of politicians. Here we are fraternizing with John Bull in so trusting and amicable a spirit that, could one of our anti-British Jingos have foreseen it a year ago, he would have renounced his country and sought another where hate is made of more durable stuff. This, however, is a small effect. The largest significance of the suggested Anglo-American alliance is in the conviction dawning over all the world that peace is the only thing worth fighting for,—peace with the liberty to produce and freely exchange. In the time to come an alliance will be formed to secure these good things, an alliance to which all the nations of the world will, eventually, be eager and steadfast parties. In the day when that alliance is achieved there will be no more war forever; nothing but friendly rivalry in the arts of civilization and good will. It is not to come to-morrow, this all-world alliance, nor the next day, but it will come as sympathies broaden and provincialism fades out. And there could be no more eloquent beginning for it than the coming together for this great end of the two most advanced nations of the earth. They need but make a firm stand to be invulnerable, and to be an irresistible magnet for other advancing nations.

A POINTER FOR SPOILSMEN.

NOT THE least valuable lesson of this war with Spain is to be found in the contrast it offers between the merit system and the spoils system. Spain represents the full flowering of the spoils system. The bitterest opponent of Civil-Service Reform may find in her his most cherished ideals. Not even Senator Gallinger could complain that she has ever lost any chance to allot the spoils to the victor. As a determined foe to the merit system she must have his hearty if unvoiced sympathy. It is probably too late for Spain to discover her mistake with any profit to herself; she may not live to discover it at all. Her throne is over a mine that may any day be exploded by the popular wrath, aroused by centuries of adherence to the spoils system. A board of inquiry will not be needed to determine the nature of the explosion when it comes. All the world will see it to have been internal.

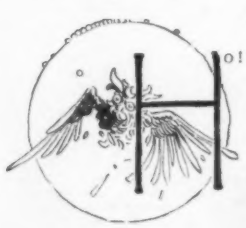
* * *

But if Spain is past learning from her mistakes, we are not. The lesson is written plainly for us to read that dry-rot taints a nation exactly to the degree that the spoils system obtains in any branch of its government. That we are not free from it must be admitted. We still harbor Congressmen benighted enough to preach its benefits. And it was, perhaps, too much to expect that President McKinley would be entirely free from it, remembering his party traditions. But the people are watchful, and the protests so widely evoked by his misuse of the appointing power in a few instances will unquestionably save him from any serious errors. In a small way, in certain appointments of army officers from civil life, he has copied the very same policy that has ruined Spain and made her despised of the earth. It is one of the most wholesome signs of the times that these unwise appointments have brought out energetic protests from friendly as well as hostile critics. The President must have found that he can not appoint the sons of politicians to places of rank over the heads of seasoned officers without placing his country, his party and himself in a false light. War has a more serious aim than supplying the incompetent sons of big men with place and uniform and salary. A President may grow careless about post-offices and consulships and that sort of thing, but he can not afford to be a spoilsman, or even a partisan, when he comes to the army.

AN OMISSION EXPLAINED.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION is due to PUCK'S readers for what may have seemed like an inexcusable oversight in these stirring times. Because we have not each week printed full directions to the government for conducting the war it must not be inferred that we don't know how it ought to be done. PUCK'S military genius is not one bit inferior to that of the thousand or so other publications that are actively engaged in pointing out the right course. We know how to fight this war just as well as the editor of the *Eastpoint Eagle*, who is sitting up nights to direct the movements of the Flying Squadron, and just as well as the bright young yellow editors who announce each morning that further delay in carrying out their particular plans will be criminal. We have refrained from giving our own instructions simply for the reason that the government remains curiously inattentive to amateur strategists. So far as we have observed it has not in a single instance obeyed the orders issued by any newspaper. Such an attitude can not but repel a sensitive patriot. When the President becomes puzzled and at last calls for help from the grizzled veterans who are now working as reporters, we shall speak. But not before. We do not propose to tell the government how Spain may be wiped off the map most quickly and then have it go on doing its own way just as if nothing had happened.

SONG OF THE EXTRA EDITION.



HO! FOR the war with its fierce cannonade,
Ho! for the riflemen's rattle,
There 's newspaper men at the front and we 'll wade
Through column accounts of the battle;
Journalists, artists, are there on the field,
All in the pink of condition,
Cable the Spaniard he may as well yield—
Ho! for the hundredth edition!

Ninety-nine extras have come from the press,—
All are the same save the number,—
Give us another, relieve our distress,
Ere we retire to slumber.
Play on the linotype vicious and rough,
Scare-head and front-page position,—
Give us a "fake" if naught else—that 's the stuff!—
Ho! for the hundredth edition!

Picture the ships as the broadsides are hurled,
Show where the shells burst and batter,
The ones who will know make a very small world—
Show any old fleet, it won't matter!—
Give us the worth of our money, we pray!
Remember that yours is the mission
To feed us, we 're ravenous,—one more to-day!
Ho! for the hundredth edition!

Roy Farrell Greene.

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AN INOPPORTUNE TEXT.

AUNT HETTY.—The parson preached on how we ought to love our enemies.
UNCLE HIRAM.—Well, I 'm willin' to do the best I can—after the war!

ACCOMPLISHED.

SPANISH GENERAL.—Did you surprise the enemy?
SPANISH COLONEL.—Entirely, your Excellency! It was plain ze pigs did not expect to see us retreat!

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THIS WILL BE AN IN

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

BE AN INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

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ON THE SAFE SIDE.

JIM JOHNSON *(inside the coop)*. — Keep youah eye on de house, Abe! Keep youah eye on de house!

ABE ABSALOM *(holding the bag)*. — I das n't, Jim, — if I look towards de house I 'll see de new moon ovah mah left shoulder, and dat would bring us bad luck; — it 's allus best to be on de safe side in sech matters.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

SHE *(reading)*. — "A burglar's jimmy." I wonder why they call it jimmy?

HE. — It was originally called James.

THINKLES.

No man who knows the language of the eyes has difficulty in understanding a woman.

Of idiots there two kinds, — mindful and mindless.

Attention to details is often merely a term signifying the approach to nervous prostration.

In the getting of information a man enters the subject by the front door; a woman first tries all the windows.

When a man says he has a good thing we know he has n't looked into it thoroughly.

Every person has divine thoughts; but only one in a thousand has learned the process of separating them from the dross.

David H. Talmadge.

MATTER OF SIDE.

"I don't seem so bad," protested the slug of red liquor, "when a person is on the right side of me!"

From subsequent events it appeared that the outside was what was meant.

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INCHOATE PROPERTY.

"Oh! dare I steal a kiss from thee?"
I faltered. Beryl met
My look, and shyly, softly sighed,
"I have no kiss, as yet."

NO REDUCTION.

ISAACS. — I 've got on der track ohf dot feller vot shvindled me, undt I can get der money back if I don't haf him arrested.

COHEN. — But it vos griminal to gompromise a felony.

ISAACS. — But dis aind't no gompromise. He pays a hundred cendts on der dollar!

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IN THIS ERA OF GOOD FEELING.

TOURIST *(in London)*. — I suppose we foreigners give you lots of trouble with our questions?

THE BOBBY. — Bless you, Ma'am; we don't consider Hamericans as foreigners any more!

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TWO VIEWS.

I.

PEDESTRIAN.—These high buildings should be stopped. Just think of the men working up there at that awful height in constant danger of their lives!

DIFFERENT COLORS.

Spain's flag will have to change a bit
Ere Uncle Sam is through;
For after we have beaten her
She 'll then be black and blue.

AN ARGUMENT.

"I think we ought to keep the Philippines."

"Why?"

"They would furnish consolation prizes for some of the disappointed office-seekers."

WHEN A statement is made without evidence, a man believes it or not, according as it pleases or displeases him; a woman always believes it till she hears something to the contrary.

ADVICE CAN usually be had for nothing and is often worth less.

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AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Behold the flinty hearted monopolist! Absorbed in thoughts of gain, he crushes his victim beneath his iron heel and turns a deaf ear to piteous appeals for mercy!" — *Extract from a Populist Speech.*

LOOKING FORWARD.

FIRST CITIZEN.—You think the war will be over soon?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Why, of course! We 'll have the whole thing settled up in no time. Why, I 'll bet you two to one the Philippine Islands will go Republican next November!

THE IMPORTANT POINT.

TEACHER.—What can you tell me about the Philippine Islands?

JOHNNY.—We 've got 'em!

HIS FOURTEENTH QUESTION.

LITTLE CLARENCE *(with a rising inflection)*.—Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS *(wearily)*.—Uh?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, don't you suppose that Spain feels now a good deal like those scoffers did who kept telling Noah that it was n't going to rain?

AN EXPERT is a man who is able to impress people with their ignorance.

COLUMBUS GAVE Spain a New World, but he could not give her the sense to treat it decently.

II.

WORKMAN.—Shure, Moike, they oughter be afther stoppin' these hoigh buildin's. Just think av th' danger th' people passin' by do be in from th' fallin' bricks and timbers!

A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"How are ye progressin' in your love-makin' with Miss Daisy Flitters?" inquired Josh Medders, addressing another rural swain.

"Aw!" replied Jay Green, who, having been perusing the newspapers with praiseworthy zeal, had become surcharged with the nomenclature of the present stirring times, "I 've been carryin' on diplomatic relations with that young lady for quite a spell, but have n't been able yet to place myself on a war footin' with her. Another power has been granted belligerent rights to intercede, and, unless I can secure an unlimited armistice pretty soon, I 'm afraid all diplomatic relations will be brought to an end, and the incident closed."

"Uh-huh!" assented the first speaker, trying to convey the impression that he understood all about it; "I — ah! — s'pose so."

SATISFIED THEIR CONSCIENCES.

WESTERNER.—I did know one case where we lynched the wrong man, but we made it all right afterwards.

TOURIST.—How could you make it all right?

WESTERNER.—We lynched the right man.

IT IS N'T always the child that can read at two who would be missed most in the world at fifty-two.

EVERYTHING COMES to him who waits on himself.

NECESSITY IS the mother of invention — but it is n't patented.

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IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.
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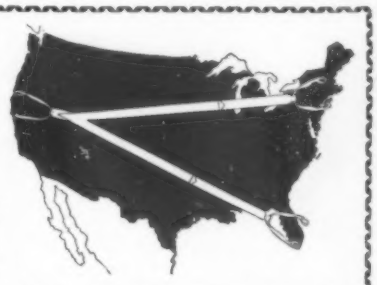

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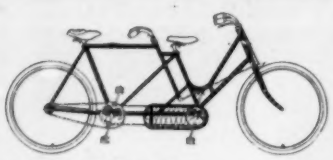

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APPARENTLY.

MAMA *telling the story of Jack and the Beanstalk.*—And the butcher offered Jack a handful of beans for the cow.

JOHNNY.—A handful of beans! He must have thought Jack was from Boston.

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Beeman's

The Original **Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

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"Speak gently," says the proverb old,
Its potency has flown;
If nowadays your own you 'd hold
You need a megaphone.
—*Washington Star.*

GENERAL WEYLER has resolved himself into a perpetual indignation meeting.—*Washington Star.*

DOROTHY had heard some one singing that classical production the "Little Alabama Coon," on the street. Presently she came to her mother and asked:

"Mama, what does 'swat' mean?"

"What do you think that it means?"

"Well, I don't know, Mama; but I *s'pose* that 'swat' is colored for spank."
—*Harpers Bazar.*

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"LESTER, dear," said Mrs. Giddings, anxiously to her husband, "I don't like that cough of yours."

"I'm sorry," replied Giddings; "but it is the best I have."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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LYON & HEALY, 31 Adams St., Chicago.

"WHAT 's the matter?" asked the Living Skeleton, sympathetically (he usually was sympathetic, because it was becoming to his style).

"The Knife Swallower said," sobbed the Tattooed Lady, "that my line of business was just n-nothin' but a skin game!"—*Washington Capital.*

OUT TO-DAY!
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Urbana Wine Co. Urbana, N. Y.

THE Carroll *Herald* had in last week's issue an obituary of an old lady who died Feb. 26, 1898, at the advanced age of 108 years. This old lady is dying quite frequently of late. — *West Union Gazette.*

"THE doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller who was waiting in the reception-room.

"Not much!" said the startled patient; "he can't try any X ray on me."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Pioneer Limited
RUNS BETWEEN
ST. PAUL MINNEAPOLIS — CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY — MILWAUKEE CHICAGO

A QUESTION.

MIKE — Uts twins, Pat; wan bhoy an' wan gur-rl.
HIS BROTHER.— Begorra, thin am Oi an uncle or an aunt, Oi dunno?

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SARAH BERNHARDT."
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MENTION THIS PUBLICATION

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I noticed in *The Times's Saturday Review* for Feb. 12 a letter from Mr. William M. Morse, in which that gentleman dwelt upon his need of a list of books containing short stories of sufficient merit to be compared with "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.

I would seriously advise Mr. Morse to procure a copy of "Short Sixes," by the late Henry C. Bunner, who was infinitely a better writer and a keener observer of the workings of human nature than Richard Harding Davis. Having read "Short Sixes," Mr. Morse will undoubtedly desire to read something more of the same description from the pen of Bunner, which he may find in a little volume entitled "More Short Sixes." This latter book was published shortly after the enormous success of the former, and is virtually a continuation of it. Both these volumes contain many captivating tales, most of them written in a humorous vein, with little touches of pathos, such as Bunner alone knew how to apply. WALLACE D. JENNINGS.

New York, Feb. 14, 1898.

—*N. Y. Times,* March 26, 1898.

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...Short Sixes
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JOHNNY HAY. — What kinds of engagement rings d' ye sell?

POLITE JEWELER.—All kinds.

JOHNNY HAY. — Well, I want one a girl can't sneak out of! — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

A QUESTION OF AIR.

"What is the Spanish National air?" inquired the man who is musically inclined.

"I don't know," answered the intensely patriotic citizen; "but judging from the general complexion of the people I should say that quinine ought to go with it."—*Washington Star.*

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters will surely cure you.

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212 State St., Chicago.

A MAD RUSH.

MEXICAN. — Big earthquake to-day.

AMERICAN TOURIST. — Was there one? I did n't notice it.

MEXICAN. — Not you see zee people rush out from the churches?

TOURIST. — Oh, yes! I saw that; but I thought may be the contribution box was going 'round. — *New York Weekly.*

Rich, Pure Flavor.

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Sold at all First-class Cafes and Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

BILL. — Do you consider amethysts unlucky?

JILL. — I should say so! I had a collar button, once, with one in it, and the thing used to roll under the bureau nearly every morning. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Steady work swiftly done

that's the way of the

Remington

Standard Typewriter.

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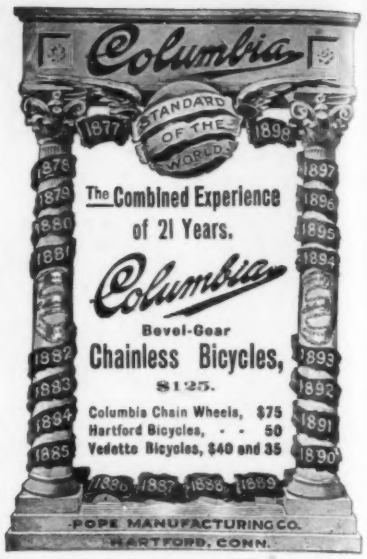
327 Broadway, New York.

A SHAKSPEREAN REBUKE.

HAMLET HAMM *(of the late All Star Tragedy Co., with dignity).* — Nay, nay; jest not, Horatio! In those sublime words of Henry IV, "these promises are fair, the parties *sure*, and our induction full of prosperous hope!"



THERE is no pew in any church that the devil has not sometimes occupied.—*Ram's Horn.*

A CHURCH subscription is no easier to pay than a last year's coal bill.—*Washington Democrat.*

EMPTY wagons rattle most.—*Washington Democrat.*

THERE are many married people who are danger signs to the unmarried.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Good for Young and Old.
At all dealers, or sent on receipt of 5 cents in stamps. SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. P. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

"THAT dog certainly seems almost human at times," said old Mr. Fussy.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fussy; "he growls over his food quite as much as you do."—*Harper's Bazar.*

SHE. — Julie and Joe are engaged, but they have decided to keep their engagement a secret; Julie told me so.

HE. — Yes, I know it; Joe told me.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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FIRST WORKER *(gloomily).* — Women are crowding into every department of industry and lowering our wages.

SECOND WORKER. — I ain't afraid of 'em.

FIRST WORKER. — You're not? What are you?

SECOND WORKER. — A cook.—*New York Weekly.*

THERE are two classes of political parties in every country — the point with prides and the view with alarms.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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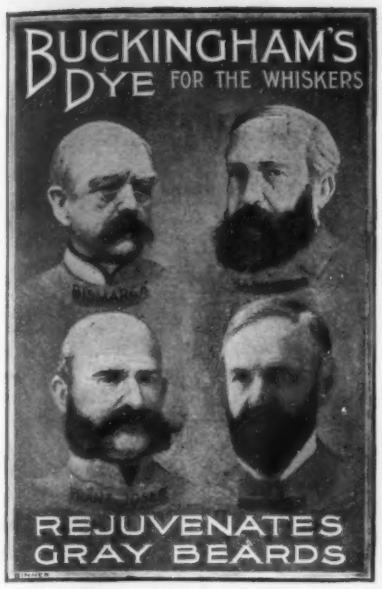


DISLIKED CONTRADICTION.

"What made Blowso leave this part of the country?"

"The climate did n't agree with him."

"Did his health fail?"

"No; his health was all right. But, you know, he prided himself on being a weather prophet."—*Washington Star.*

EXPLAINED AT LAST.

MISS ANN THROPE.—I can't understand how Cholly can see better with a glass for one eye.

MR. SHARPE.—Well, you see, it affords him mental rest. His brain is too delicate to grapple with two impressions of anything at once.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

GREAT SUCCESS.

"How did the surprise party at the Cawkers turn out? Was it a genuine surprise?"

"Indeed it was. Somebody had given the Cawkers a hint, and when we got there the house was dark and there was n't a soul at home."—*Harper's Bazar.*

REGRET.

"It 's too bad," said a discouraged-looking Spanish soldier, "that we did n't get those mules that were to be shipped to us."

"What difference does that make?"

"I 'd kind of like to go into battle on a mule. They say a mule is about as likely to go backward as he is to go forward."—*Washington Star.*

HORRORS OF COMBAT.

'T is said there 's nothing worse than war—
But I think—please don't scout it—
Worse agonies we suffer from
The poems writ about it.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Evans' Ale

stands for all that is perfection in brewing and bottling—and represents the new era in the ale brewing industry. Full round finished taste, sparkling brilliancy, creamy head and the fragrance of a field of ripe hops are all together in every bottle.

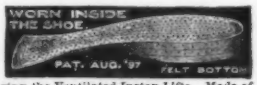
A BAD SET-BACK.

EASTERN MAN *(in Kansas).*—You wrote to me that Dugoutville was to be the county seat; but I see that Sodroofville has got it. How did that happen?

DUGOUTVILLE MAN *(sadly).*—We ran out of ammunition.—*New York Weekly.*

A YOUNG country fellow's idea of a good time seems to be to pile two pretty girls in a single-seated buggy, and ride to town on their laps. And, by-the-way, we rather admire his taste.—*Atchison Globe.*

Heel Cushion, Increased Height, Easy Walking, Arched Instep, Ventilation and Comfort.



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SPECIAL OFFER. Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

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France, as we all know, is one of the great wine-growing countries of the world, and the United States was at one time its largest customer.

But since we have taken up the culture of the grape these conditions have been changed, and the exportation of all wine, and, especially, champagne from France to this country has been steadily falling off.

To prove this you have only to take, as an example, the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., of Rheims, New York.

This Company has from very small beginnings become one of the greatest wine-producers of the world. Its principal brand is the "Great Western Champagne," which, by its merit, absolute purity and fine bouquet, has taken first place among the champagnes of this country.

HARSH PUNISHMENT.

MR. SCRUBBS *(indignantly).*—Sir, I have just discovered that your son has engaged himself to two of my daughters.

MR. GRUBBS *(stupefied).*—The young rascal! He should be compelled to marry them both.—*New York Weekly.*

HE had been away from his loving, trusting wife for many months. He had neither heard her sweet voice nor felt her fond caresses; and now he saw her in the distance and his desire was to fly to her; but he knew that he could not, for with him he had his newly patented flying machine, and he dare not leave it behind.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"YOU are the celebrated Mr. Chumley Jones, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Jones, I came to ask you for your autograph."

"My autograph? Delighted, I 'm sure. Have you any preference as to its form?"

"If it is all the same to you, Mr. Jones, I should prefer it at the bottom of a check for $50, made to the order of Snip & Cuttum, tailors. You have the bill, I believe."—*Harper's Bazar.*

BOTH AMERICANS.

MOTHER.—Good gracious, boys! What is the matter here?

CHARLEY.—Why, Jack and me was playing that he was Spain and I was America; and he won't own up that he 's licked, 'cause he 's an American, too!

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

AN EASY VICTIM.

"Buck, I wants yer darter," said Five-Ace Plunkley, as he took the drop on the old gentleman.

"She 's your'n, an' I must say yer th' fust gent what 's put up any kind of a argument."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOAN the average man your bicycle, and he will be grateful enough to return for the loan of it again.—*Bicycling World.*

HOPE FOR THE AFFLICTED.

OPTICIAN.—Yes; you see double. I can correct the fault with spectacles.

PATIENT.—Hurry! May be it is n't twins, after all!—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"I HOPE, Papa," said Bobby, "that the Government is n't buying its torpedos of Mr. Spillkins down in the village. I got some there last Fourth of July, and half of them would n't go off."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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Price per copy, 25 cents.

For sale at every news stand in the country.

PRACTICAL.

BROTHER WILL.—Why don't you accept Jack? He 's a record-breaker in intercollegiate cycling events.

SISTER SUE.—Yes; but I prefer a record-breaker in the safety deposit line.—*Bicycling World.*

IN THESE TIMES.

JOHNNY.—Pa, why is the pen mightier than the sword?

FOND FATHER.—Because, my son, it enables the Spanish to report an occasional victory.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

"HEAR me, dearest!" implored the young man at the door; "I 'm all on fire!"

"Well," replied the sweet girl, "I 'll call Papa downstairs to put you out."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

O H'M-M-M! Is n't it a positive delight to sit in the sunshine and feel tired?—*West Union Gazette.*

MRS. DAWSON.—Henry, I got out your last years' straw hat and it is just as good as new. You had better wear it to-day instead of that heavy, silk one. It is going to be very warm.

DAWSON.—Say, this does feel comfortable; but I 'll be hanged if I like the idea of being one of the first to open the season! There are those boys calling, "Straw hat! Straw hat!" already.

"The people in this car don't appear to have ever seen a straw hat before. They can't keep their eyes off of me."

(As BROWN *and* SMITH *leave him.)*—"If they had n't been such old friends, I would n't have stood their ridicule and chaffing one minute! The idea of a man not being able to be one of the first to wear a straw hat without having to suffer in this manner!"

JONES *and* GREEN.—Oh, ho! Old man! Straw hat! Rushing the season, eh? Spring has come! Ha, ha!

DAWSON *(goaded to desperation—rushing into hatter's).*—Say, give me a black felt hat, and send this one home in a box, sealed, so no one can see it.

(Arriving home that evening).—"Certainly, I knew I had a half-dozen good felt hats, but I was n't going to be made a fool of by the whole city for the sake of saving five dollars."

—And, lo and behold! the next day, Dawson having opened the season, Brown, Jones, Smith, Green, all his other acquaintances and half the men on the street, were decked out in their straw hats. The season had been opened!

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THE FATE OF A PIONEER.